

DMC CLASS OF 1985 DIGIAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY SALEEM A KHANANI AND SAMEENA KHAN



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SHAHNAZ HAMID IBRAHIM

THE BEST ALLROUND STUDENT OF
DOW 1985

SCHOLAR AND ATHLETE

Professor, Department of Paediatrics and Child Health

AGA KHAN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL KARACHI



If you thank me I will increase (my blessings) on you!

Another year of our life has passed away. We experienced both happiness and grief. Some of us lost dear loved ones. Some of us saw our children achieve important landmarks in their lives. Some of us became grandparents. Others enjoyed continued professional growth and success, while some of us had just a quiet year. Life went on at its usual pace for some. For some, life changed radically. These are all the things that human beings have been going through over the millennia and will continue to do so.

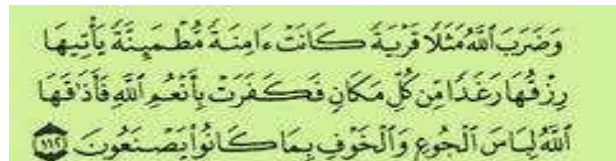
At a collective level, our class fellows continued to stay in touch with each other. Reunions took place across the world. Digital communication and connection strengthened for some, while others found it too consuming and distracting. For many of us our bond on the digital world provided a source of mutual comfort and strength at times of need.

At individual level we have been dealing with the middle life crisis to the best of our abilities. Relationship with the spouse, demands of growing children, increasing professional pressure, not to speak of the uncertain and precarious national and international conditions, have all had their effect on us.

It is at these times that faith, family and friends matter the most. We have to feel that most of us have been privileged to have become doctors, and in most cases, successful ones. At one of the convocation ceremonies at Dow, I remember a statement made by a chief guest that being a doctor implied a guarantee against unemployment and poverty.

No matter what we go through we have to remember that as a group we belong to the top echelon of our society and for this we have to thank Allah SWT first, and then our parents and teachers. We spent practically nothing during our college years while our parents waited patiently for us to graduate and pay something back. Let's thank our Creator and all those who helped shape our present and reflect upon how best we can pay back.

Allah sets forth a Parable: a city enjoying security and quiet, abundantly supplied with sustenance from every place: Yet was it ungrateful for the favors of Allah: so Allah made it taste of hunger and terror (in extremes) (closing in on it) like a garment (from every side), because of the (evil) which (its people) wrought.



SHAHNAZ: AN AMAZING FRIEND

By: Dr. Giezla Farah Iqbal



When young I had a totally different perspective of a friend...one who only plays with you , shares the toys with you and if need be can even offer you a bite from the ice cream but with time I learnt a friend is much much more .

To have or be a friend you have to have quite an input before one can claim this right. To write about my best friend is so difficult....it is like talking about my whole life ...for that is the span we have been together..... She is a multifaceted personan amazing daughter , a caring daughter-in-law , a loving wife and a model mother. She has been the person who could see my pain even when I could fool everyone else.....one who has known the song in my heart and sang it back to me when even I had forgotten the words. An old saying describes so rightly that a friend in need is a friend indeed. She possesses all the qualities of head and heart. It is easy to befriend many but difficult to choose a good friend. God gives us relatives by virtue of being born in a family, but friends we can choose. Relatives and family is by chance but friend are by choice.....



It is hard to write about someone whom you have known almost all your life. We have been friends and class mates since grade VI. I remember the time when we were simply classmates....then we became friendsand there was no looking back from that time onwards.....the days we shared ...sometimes playing, joking around, having fun in class and in the field, then during our teen age years in college till the time we entered the medical college .Then came the time when we got married and started having kids. Such a long road we have travelled with such precious memories ...such a wonderful treasureI simply don't know where to start ... but let me try and define a gem of a person .I am proud of her .She is intelligent in studies ...a good thinker....one who not only sees your good days and good deeds but has stood by even on the darkest days of life. When I was broken by the loss of a very dear friendshe was the one who helped me, supported me and comforted me.

Not only in academics she has been equally good in sports by being the best athlete in a number of different games, competing at school level, city level and provincial level winning medals all the way.

Her personality and manners never fail to make an impression...dressing always with smart clothes, believing that physically smart people are always mentally smart. She has a disciplined way of leading her life. Her personality and manners never fail to make an impression...We both have been students and teachers for each other off and on.....there is so much I have learnt from herand still am.

She has been the friend who stood me in good stead all through my life. Strength, inspiration & happiness have always been an essence in our relationship. Her virtue of patience and compassion for all is amazing. The soft spoken countenance and dignity with which she conducts herself shows her good culture and upbringing. She has been the responsible person taking care of job, home and kids so wonderfully. Hard working, organized, devoted and a dedicated person that she is has brought fruit for all her inputs and excelled not only as a person but also as a professional. I was not only welcomed by her but also by her wonderful parents and family with warmth and love in their lives. Most of my life I have known her .I am proud to be her friend....she is indeed my best friend.....She is not the one whom I have known longest but the one who came and never left my side. I hope we will be friends forever. Even now when we meet there are so many things to talk about ...joke about...and make newer memories for later times... She has been the one throwing flowers towards the sky all her life which have kept on falling back on her.



In the end I'd like to dedicate a few lines to her:

WHEN WE FIRST TALKED TO EACH OTHER
I KNEW WE WOULD ALWAYS BE FRIENDS.
OUR FRIENDSHIP HAS KEPT ON GROWING
AND I'LL BE HERE FOR YOU TO THE END.

YOU LISTEN WHEN I HAVE A PROBLEM
AND HELP DRY THE TEARS FROM MY
FACE.
YOU TAKE AWAY MY SORROW
AND PUT HAPPINESS IN ITS PLACE.
WE CAN'T FORGET THE FUN WE'VE HAD
LAUGHING 'TIL OUR FACES TURN BLUE

TALKING OF THINGS ONLY WE FIND
FUNNY
PEOPLE THINK WE'RE INSANE-IF THEY
ONLY KNEW!

I GUESS THIS IS MY WAY OF SAYING
THANKS
FOR CATCHING ME WHEN I FALL.
THANKS ONCE AGAIN FOR BEING SUCH A
GOOD FRIEND
AND BEING HERE WITH ME THROUGH IT
ALL.

Qualifications

FCPS, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Pakistan, 1992
MBBS, Dow Medical College, Karachi, Pakistan, 1985

Research Interests

Disability and child health

Academic Specialisation

Paeditric neurologist
Director of Paediatric Neurology Fellowship.

Professional Experience

Fellowship, Paediatric Neurology, Hospital for Sick Children, Canada, 2004
Residency Paediatrics, Aga Khan University, Karachi, Pakistan, 1988 to 1992
Internship, Dow Medical College, Karachi – Pakistan, 1985-1986

Publications

Click [here](#) to view list in pdf format.

Shahnaz is spearheading the pediatric neurology fellowship at the Aga Khan University Hospital in Karachi.

The Paediatric neurology fellowship programme was initiated in 2008. Although a relatively new programme, this is the first one of its kind. In a country of a total population of 160 million there is a great dearth of trained paediatric neurologist. This programme will help in developing a training model for other centres and also be able to be the centre of learning and excellence in paediatric neurology. Paediatric Neurology is a highly 4ehavior4ed subspecialty of Paediatrics. The importance emerges from the high incidence of neurological disorders including cerebral palsy, epilepsy along with neuro-metabolic and genetic disorders in children. Its importance at the present time is also because of the paucity of Paediatric neurologists in the country. The growing clinical need for this intensive field has led to the establishment of a fellowship program in Paediatric neurology. The primary goal of the program is to prepare individuals for a career in academic Paediatric neurology. Individuals chosen for the program will pursue creative, scholarly endeavors to advance the science and practice of Paediatric neurology.

SHAHNAZ NATALWALA

By Saleem Abubakar Khanani

This is how we all knew her. An athlete par excellence! A top notch student! Yet I had never spoken to her before we started our first house job at Medical Unit I. Our first conversation is something that I do not recall but it was a pleasant one. Shahnaz had secured the second position in the final year and there was no doubt about her deserving it. She had been in the top ten students of our class throughout, a feat equaled only by Abdul Jabbar and Mohammad Amin. Her level of medical competence and knowledge was apparent from the time we made our first round as house officers with the late Professor M U Islam. I still remember his remarks after Shahnaz had presented her case. “She is more than just a pretty face!”

As a group we the house officers quickly became like a family. There were no petty quarrels. We would finish our rounds and then go to the cafeteria for tea and samosa. On our call days we would have lunch together. The strangeness of the seven long years as students had evaporated and blossomed into a strong friendship. Six months passed by like a breeze leaving behind fond memories.

The Aga Khan University hospital went into operation in October of 1986 and some of us joined the new organization as residents. Masood (Mash), Arifullah, Abdaal, Riaz Lakda wala, Musa Khan, Bakhtiar, Shahid Chandana were among the first to join it while I joined the department of medicine in February 1987 after passing MRCP Part I examination. Shahnaz followed by becoming a resident in the department of pediatrics. From a resident to professor is a long journey that bears testimony to the professional excellence, devotion, commitment and leadership qualities that Shahnaz has displayed. FCPS was simply another examination that she cleared with flying colors. A fellowship in pediatric neurology in Canada followed. Instead of staying back in the Western world, Shahnaz went back to the country that she loves, and the institution that she is an integral part of. She combines clinical practice with academic research and teaching, being the director of the pediatric fellowship program. Her research has been published in peer-reviewed international journals.

Shahnaz Ibrahim, as she is known now, is married with two children. Her husband is an architect and she has 2 girls aged 20 and 16. Her older daughter is at Macalister college Minneapolis studying Psychology, while the younger daughter is in the O levels finals.

Shahnaz started the first Pediatric Neurology program in the country that has been approved The College of Physicians and Surgeons Pakistan. She started the “Early child development and rehabilitation program” in Karachi in 2009 and is currently the Director of the program. As a Director of the child development program she is actively

involved in coordinating care of children at the center and in the management of the program.

Shahnaz has been involved in a number of research projects in the community. She recently completed a large project looking at the “Prevalence of disability in a Rural District of Sukkur.

She was recently awarded a Travel Scholarship by the American academy of cerebral palsy and child development (AACPDM) in recognition of her work in a developing country.

Her interest in sports remains and she likes to swim in her spare time.

DMC class of 1985 dedicates this issue of its monthly digital magazine to one of our own.

The editors would like to thank three of Shahnaz’s life-long friends and group mates, Giezla, Zeba Fatima Vanek and Fatemah Salimian for their contribution to this feature.



Dr. Shahnaz Ibrahim

By Zeba Fatima Vanek



I met a girl named Shahnaz Natalwalla, for the first time in the 6th grade at the Habib Girls School. Very soon after meeting we embarked upon a wonderful, lifelong friendship. We remained classmates at Habib School till matriculation; at St. Joseph's College for Intermediate and finally at Dow Medical College. We lived close to one another and our families were very good friends also. And so in every possible way, we truly grew up together.

My friend, Shahnaz is both a happy and a serious person. She is full of life, boisterous, fun, cheerful and has a wonderful sense of humor. And with regards to the important things in life, she takes them very seriously and pursues excellence with unequivocal determination and perseverance.

She is honest, innocent at heart and a trusting person. She is straightforward, like an open book and whatever you see is what she is. She thinks independently, using her own mind and observations to form opinions and to make decisions in life.

She is one of the hardest working people I have met in my life. From her childhood, she took her studies and education very seriously and remained a stellar student, always getting outstanding grades and positions from school till medical college. She completed her FCPS and also got further training in Canada. And after starting professional life, she has become an outstanding academic pediatrician at the AKUH. Most recently, she has earned a very prestigious and difficult-to-achieve, Professorship at the AKUH, after exhibiting years of dedication and excellence in patient-care, teaching and research and making many contributions in the field of Medicine.

Shahnaz has also been an outstanding sportswoman and athlete all her life. She has won numerous medals and championships in different sports including tennis, badminton, throw ball and many track and field events.

I also know that she is an outstanding daughter, wife and a mother. She is a pillar of strength for everyone in her life and in difficult times, she is always there for anyone who needs her.

I truly and deeply admire, respect and adore my dearest childhood friend, Shahnaz. I feel extremely fortunate and blessed to have her in my life and wish her every success and happiness

FROM THE GOOD OLD DAYS

SHAHNAZ IN PICTURES



HOUSE OFFICERS MED ONE: THE EDITOR IS NEXT TO ARIFULLAH KHAN

MANDELA: The Man Who Couldn't Hate

A TRIBUTE BY IZHAR KHAN

Since the death of Nelson Mandela much has been written about the man in eulogy well deserved and it would be impossible to better many excellent tributes given to this icon of revolutionaries. His memorial service and the tributes he received, however, smacked of a degree of hypocrisy. Those who all their lives openly supported apartheid and even, as in the case of the United States and Britain regarded Mandela as a terrorist, now without any contrition were seen waxing lyrical to the glory of this great man. Many would be surprised to learn that as recently as July 2008 Mandela was on the US terror watch-list.

I remember standing with my friends late at night in 1986 outside the South Africa House, an imposing 1930s structure on Trafalgar square built on the site of a derelict hotel, with protesters demanding the release of Nelson Mandela, amateur boxer, lawyer, freedom fighter and revolutionary. For years there was a round the clock protest against the apartheid South African regime outside the Embassy in Trafalgar square which had become the focal point of the international movement against apartheid.

Until his eventual release on the 11th of February 1990 the world knew Mandela as the iconic handsome, young man who led the cause of black freedom in his country imprisoned along with revolutionaries, including such giants of the anti-apartheid movement as Walter Sisulu, Ahmad Kathrada and Jack Swart.

Mandela arrived in the infamous Robben Island in the winter of 1964 where he would spend 18 of his 27 years of imprisonment before he was transferred to Pollsmoor prison. In Robben Island, Mandela and his companions were confined to a small cell with the floor for a bed, and a bucket. They were made to carry out hard labour in a quarry and were allowed a visitor for only 30 minutes every year. He could write and receive only one letter every six months. When his mother died and one of his sons was killed in an accident, Mandela was refused permission to attend their funeral. But Robben Island instead of breaking him became the crucible, which made Mandela, the man we came to know and admire. With his resilience, self-discipline, patience and dignified defiance he gained the respect of his warders and prisoners. Mandela never showed servility to his captors and using his well-honed legal skills made sure that he and his comrades were not abused. A fellow prisoner Neville Alexander recalls that "He always made the point, if they say you must run, insist on walking.

If they say you must walk fast, insist on walking slow. That was the whole point. We would set the terms."

When Mandela walked out of prison with his head held high and a defiant raised fist with his wife Winnie the world saw a different Mandela from the one who walked into prison 27 years earlier. The crowds that received him and the billions around the world who watched this historic moment were witnessing not just the release of one man from prison but the beginning of the release of all South Africans, captors and captive of the evil apartheid regime.

Cristo Brand was the warder in Robben Island and later warder at Pollsmoor prison. When Mandela's cavalcade was leaving prison, he spotted his old warder and asked the car to be stopped. Mandela got out of the car and walked towards his captor. He shook hands with Brand and said that he would not like this to be their last meeting. Years later Cristo Brand recollected his memories of Mandela as follows:

"While he was in prison on Robben Island, I treated him like I treated all the other prisoners ... But when you were alone, you would maybe listen more to him, and respect him more for his views and what he discussed.

But after '85, after negotiations started ... I was thinking that he would be the leader of the people outside – not, say, my leader. But I listened to him. I would never say I agreed with him. But after he came to Victor Verster and then was released, I respected him as a leader for South African people. And later he became my leader. And I was very proud that one of my prisoners, who I looked after, became my leader now and ... I felt very proud and happy when I was invited to his birthday party and that one of my ex-prisoners, was now president ..."

This course of reconciliation and forgiveness, which Mandela took proved correct and although South Africa has by no means become the utopia of peace and harmony many wished it would become, Mandela's leadership ensured that that nation embarked on a path towards freedom. One should, however, not assume that Mandela could not, when needed resort to violent resistance. When all avenues are closed revolutionary movements have to consider armed resistance as an option, and indeed Mandela's ANC did adopt these tactics when necessary.

The late Sir David Frost once asked Mandela that surely having been imprisoned for 27 years he must hate his captors. Mandela in his characteristic assertive manner replied "No I did not hate them. If I did it would have meant that they had control over me". In the end, Mandela lived his life true to the motto "Love for all Hatred for None"

"I hate race discrimination most intensely and in all its manifestations. I have fought it all during my life; I fight it now, and will do so until the end of my days."

"If I had my time over I would do the same again. So would any man who dares call himself a man."

"For to be free is not merely to cast off one's chains, but to live in a way that respects and enhances the freedom of others."

"I learned that courage was not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it. The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear."

FAMILY VIOLENCE

Dr Inayat Ali Khan

I remember when I had first joined KSA, in the initial days when I had just started to take off, a child around 7-8 years old was admitted and was seen by us on the grand round the next day.

His face was fully swollen and he could barely open his eyes with those obvious marks of facial friction burns. The picture was one of a typical RTA (pedestrian vs motor vehicle) but surprisingly without associated injuries. It was to my surprise a case of child abuse, and I was shocked to learn that person involved was none other than his own mother. More shocking was the ***modus operandi***; he was pulled by his hair and was hit against the wall several times and it was made sure that he fell unconscious.

Coming to the issue of family violence where in majority of the cases such a violence ends in murder, the high incidence of spouse murder should not come as a major surprise and a strong reason forwarded is that most murders are likely to be among those we are closest to (just as most accidents occur close in vicinity to where we live, as that's where we statistically are most of the time).

The rise in family violence (FV) troubles us, but what troubles us more is that this FV has become more acknowledged. Issues like verbal abuse also falls into the same category but verbal violence while poignant hardly finds any consideration in domestic violence, we always blame social and environmental factors that play a pivotal role in FV. Some blame endocrine and neurological dysfunction as a cause of this marital aggression and if this is taken as a scientific stand then the culprit will declare "It's not fault, my biology is defective", and having said this biological factors still need to be taken into account.

The social fabric of the Middle East, the Subcontinent and the rest of South Asia is surely patriarchal and hence for centuries such societies have upheld the right of a husband upbraiding his wife or to chastise her physically. Even during the ***Victorian times*** during the nineteenth century and until the turn of the last century the stick size and length was specified as an acceptable instrument of punishment.

Cuckoldry: In the South Asian and Middle Eastern society suspicion (or say sexual jealousy--- as the west puts it) has always been a major factor, while adultery is outlawed by all societies and religions around the globe, jealous outrage on part of the husband is generally tolerated in legal circles as jurists believe that cuckoldry mitigates or justifies an otherwise criminal behavior. So wife-bashing is attributed mainly to sexual jealousy, where as in most cases only suspicion is the prime reason and the poor wife may actually be innocent. The Quran mentions in Surah Hujurat (Ch. 49:12) "O those who believe! Avoid suspicion, as suspicion in some cases is a sin....."

Morbid jealousy: To the elite of D'85, yes such a phenomenon does exist. Fed up from daily bickering when the wife leaves the house she is accused of infidelity, and in those cases where she cannot leave the house she is kept within the four walls ignorant and isolated (not under duress though), all sorts of friendships are discouraged, the husband discourages her of tagging

on to those old friendships and at times some he cannot even tolerate seeing his wife having a good social life.

Some talented women may want to continue their dexterity in some way but experience stiff opposition and 'she' believes that 'he' cannot monitor me minutely and/or continuously. Hence the opposition. We in our part of the world have yet to come out of this fundamentalist culture which is still considered laudable and very much normal. We may not have enough statistics for back up but this Shakespeare's Othello may end up ending the life of sweet Desdemona (referred to occasionally as the "Othello syndrome").

Flare-ups: All of us have the ability to lash out, hence pushing our anger beyond limits. You as a wife are not supposed to back answer, not supposed to be combative or show retaliation as it will invite his wrath and you will be showered with physical abuse. As a statistically starved society that we are it's hard to give concrete numbers, but at least in the US 3 out of 10 marriages are affected by FV and Lo and behold it's the common cause of injury in women, so 15% of American women will be victims of repeated violence (mostly serious physical aggression) and one out of fifteen homicides are of a wife by a husband.

Our society still holds onto that cultural resistance of not reporting such incidents and women being cash strapped cannot seek legal help or are otherwise not allowed to, although the serious physical damage may require it to be more clamant. Weapons of violence include open handed slaps, fists, feet, kitchen objects (bailan, etc), hot iron, bottles, knives and finally the worst, i.e., guns. Injuries sustained include scratching, punching, slapping, arm twisting, breaking teeth, fracturing nose, throwing face down, strangling, choking to the point of unconsciousness and I have personally witnessed lip biting, nose biting and ear biting.

Sleeping with the enemy:

Sex is yet another weapon used and it always comes with sadism. Luckily men in our society are exonerated of charges of rape (It's a man's marital right). Women feel most hurt when they become victims of sadism at the hands of their spouses whom they knew to be gentle, whom they once loved & trusted ---but now abhor. This trauma is too much for them to take, as they see in it a sense of betrayal and the broken trust. Then comes the social burden where the lady feels or is made to feel that she is the root of this broken marriage, she foresees isolation, lack of social support & friendlessness and decides to continue living with and sleeping with the enemy.

The Innate theory:

The study of wife beaters has shown that such men do carry a violent and explosive mind and scientists believe that the epicenters of these mental earthquakes are located in the limbic system and temporal lobe. Setting aside the issue of the temporal lobe involvement which involves seizures etc., the limbic system has been strongly implicated, the centre where things go berserk. The hypothalamus gets involved, an endocrine dysfunction is observed and many other factors come into play. The extent of criminality could be so profound that it involves face disfiguring or say acid throwing (most common in Cambodia, Bangladesh, India and Afghanistan---and of course Pakistan too). I have mentioned Pakistan in the end as here acid throwing is rarely a result of family (marital) violence, it occurs when the girl or her family declines to give her hand in marriage to the proposer or is a result of vengeance (you did it to my sister, I'll do it to yours).

The family falls apart: What happens to this unhappy family may be easy to guess. The most tragic part of this entire saga is when there are children who are also going through this unwanted drama. They grow up in a hostile environment; the social and cognitive impact may

be so profound that it definitely affects their psychological chemistry. When a child is made to live through his mother's pains, groans, nose bleeds, swollen face and constant tears, he will then sub-consciously circumvent friends, family and neighbors. His performance at school will be abysmal, the lack of confidence and sense of insecurity are a few of those many effects and a price which the growing child has to pay for a crime he never committed.

What frustrates us the most? The string of such episodes that we see, hear and read does disturb us, but the most frustrating is the fact that these episodes are supremely avoidable. Patients with the episodic dyscontrol syndrome are easily and successfully treated with anti-convulsants. Men with outbursts are treated with relevant drugs with almost nil side effects. Counselling and anger management centres take care of issues like rehabilitate the husband on a better job, improve ways of financial stability, housing and teaching courses to the wife to combat such a situation more bravely and intelligently.

I have deliberately avoided touching on issues like child abuse, violence against husbands as it involves embarrassing issues and wanted to keep the topic more light on the readers. Feedback from our readers will be welcome.

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POETRY BY DOWITES

اقبال ہاشمائی

ہم لائے ہیں طوفان سے کشتی نکال کے
اس ملک کو رکھنا میرے بچوں سنبھال کے
تم لائے تھے طوفان سے جس کو نکال کے
اس ناؤ کو بیچ کھایا ہے پرزے نکال کے
وہ قومی خزانے کو بھلا کیسے بچائیں
مسجد میں جو رکھتے ہیں جوتے سنبھال کے
اس ملک کے لیڈر ہیں سب چور اچکے
خوش ہوتے ہیں اک دوجے کی پگڑی اچھال کے
یہ ملک کہ جہاں ہوتی تھی پیسوں کی بارش
اب کھاتے ہیں روٹی یہاں باسی ابال کے

سلیم ابوبکر کھانانی

ابھی خوشبوئے محبت میری مٹی میں بسی ہے
ابھی گیسو کا کفن اسی خوشبو سے رچا ہے
ابھی اس جسم سے کچھ دور نہیں روح میری
ابھی اس حسن کی یادیں نہیں روٹھی مجھ سے
کوئی آواز نہیں ہے کسی پر والے کی
ابھی کچھ دیر ہے برزخ میں اتر جانے کو
اسی محدود سے لمحے میں مجھے میرے خدا
مجھے اس حسن کو چھو لینے کی قدرت دے
دے
جسے چاہا جسے سوچا جسے پوجا میں نے
پھر بھی اظہار تمنا نہ کبھی اس سے کیا
اسے اک جھیل میں اترے ہوئے سورج کی طرح
عمر بھر تکتا رہا اور کبھی چھو نہ سکا
میرے مالک میرے مولا میرے پر رحم خدا
اس کی خوشبو کو میری روح میں بسنے دینا

ثمینہ خان

آنکھ کے سمندر بھی برف بن گئے اب تو
دل جو رونا چاہے بھی
درد اپنے اندر کا
زہر اپنے نوحوں کا
آنسوؤں کے پانی سے
لاکھ دھونا چاہے بھی
بے بسی کے عالم میں
صرف ہاتھ ملتا ہے
خشک آنکھوں روتا ہے
برف کے سمندر میں
...دفن ہوتا جاتا ہے

قتبر رضا نقوی

حُسنِ نظارہ پا لیتا ہے اور دوانے رہ جاتے ہیں
وعدے سارے کھو جاتے ہیں اور بہانے رہ جاتے ہیں
جب بھی گھر میں خوشیاں آئیں ، لوگ سیانے ہو جاتے ہیں
گوندہ پنجیری کھا جاتے ہیں ، کھیل مکھانے رہ جاتے ہیں
میری مانو تو اے لوگوں ، خوابوں کی اک فصل اُگا لو
لوگ بچھڑ جاتے ہیں لیکن ، خواب سہانے رہ جاتے ہیں
خواب بہت انمول ہیں پیارے ، برجای ہیں لیکن سارے
خواب بکھر جاتے ہیں اک دن ، تانے بانے رہ جاتے ہیں
کلیاتِ رُوح نہ پوچھو، ہم کو بھی وہ یاد نہیں
زخمِ نئے آئیں نہ آئیں ، زخمِ پُرانے رہ جاتے ہیں
تیرا کیا ہے تو تو سب کو آ ہی جاتی ہے
موت ٹھہر جا کہ مجھ کو کچھ وعدے نبھانے رہ جاتے ہیں
اگلے لمحے کا کیا سوچوں میں ، وہ بھی گُذر ہی جائے گا
یادوں میں تو قمبر اپنی ، گُزرے زمانے رہ جاتے ہیں

COEDITOR'S CHOICE

بہت خاموش تھا وہ بھی
مگر آنکھوں کو اسکی گفتو کا بھی
...سلیقہ تھا
ہم تن گوش تھا میں بھی،
اور اسکی ان کہی باتیں،
....کتاب دل میں لکھتا جا رہا تھا
کتاب دل کے صفحات پر
خموشی سے لکھی ان داستانوں کا
.....یہی انجام ہوتا ہے
وہ لکھتا تو رہا لیکن ،
...کبھی بھی پڑھ نہیں پایا
خموشی سے لکھی ان داستانوں کو
!!!!...کتاب دل کے صفحات پر

جب تیرا حکم ملا ، ترک محبت کردی
دل مگر اس پہ وہ دھڑکا کہ قیامت کردی
تجھ سے کس طرح میں اظہار تمنا کرتا
لفظ سوچھا تو معنی نے بغاوت کردی
میں تو سمجھا تھا کہ لوٹ آتے ہیں جانے والے
تو نے تو جا کہ جدائی مری قسمت کردی
مجھ کو دشمن کے ارادوں پہ بھی پیار آتا ہے
تیری الفت نے محبت مری عادت کردی
پوچھ بیٹھا ہوں میں تجھ سے تیرے کوچے کا پتہ
تیرے حالات نے کیسی تری صورت کردی
کیا ترا جسم ، تیرے حسن کی حدت میں جلا
راکھ کس نے تری سونے کی سی رنگت کردی

سلمیٰ ہاشمی

SALMA HASHMI IS SAMRINA HASHMI'S SISTER

احمد ندیم قاسمی

سال نو ؟

ٹھٹھرتی اور سنسناں زندگی بھی اک دسمبر ہے...
عمر کا آخری عشرہ بھی اب آیا ہی چاہتا ہے...
سفر بھی اب ختم ہونے کو ہے...
کچھ ہی دن یا کئی ہفتے یا کچھ سال ؟
بھلا معلوم ہے کس کو ؟

خزاں چھانے کو ہے۔
پت جھڑ بھی بس آئے ہی آئے....

مبارک باد دینا سال نو کی،
مجھے بالکل نہیں بھاتا

بھلا اس آنے والے سال میں ایسا نیا کیا ہونے والا ہے؟
کہ جس کی خوش امیدی میرے دل میں روشنی بھر دے ؟

کئی سالوں سے یوں ہی ہو رہا ہے نا؟
کہ ہم اک دوسرے کو،
سال نو کے طرب انگیز اور امید آور
حسیں پیغام دیتے ہیں..

دلوں میں آس اور امید کی شمعیں جلاتے ہیں ...
مبارک باد دیتے ہیں

مگر، پھر؟؟

سبھی ویسا ہی رہتا ہے...
وہی اجڑے ہوئے دل
اور وہی بے نور سی شمعیں
وہی خاموش دن
اور بے سروسامان سی راتیں
وہ وعدے جو ہم اپنے آپ سے ہر بار کرتے ہیں...
وہ سال نو کی امیدیں
جو ہر دل میں پنپتی ہیں
وہ سارے خواب،
ساری خوش گمانی...
جو ہم ہر آنے والے سال کے بارے میں رکھتے ہیں
بالآخر ناامیدی کے پرانے جنگلوں میں...
اندھیرے راستوں پر چلتے چلتے...
شکستہ پائی کے زخموں کو سہلاتے ہوئے....
مسلسل بین کرتے...

آنسوؤں کے گدلے دریا میں
بمیشہ کے لئے غرقاب ہوتے ہیں...
یونہی برباد ہوتے ہیں

ثمینہ خان

زندگی کی شاہراہ پہ
کئی لوگ سنگ سنگ چلے
کئی لوگ ساتھ نبھا گئے
کئی لوگ ہم سے بچھڑ گئے
جو گزر گئے وہ گزر گئے
جو ساتھ ہیں انہیں تھام لو
آگے کی کچھ خبر نہیں
پیچھے سے کوئی ربط نہیں
جو اس عہد میں تمہیں تھام لے
اس سے عہد وفا نبھا چلو
زندگی کی اس شاہراہ پر
بس چلے چلو
.... اور خوبرو چلو

By Hina Akhund

دسمبر جا رہا ہے

ساتھ لے کر زندگی میری
جو بچھڑی تھی ابھی کچھ ماہ
پہلے
ابھی نہ جانے کتنے سال اور آئیں
گے، جائیں گے
بھلا واپس ملے گی
مجھ کو میری
سب سے پیاری قیمتی نایاب وہ
ہستی ؟
جو گزرا سال لے کر اپنے ہمراہ
جا چکا ہے
میری سانسیں میری خوشیاں
میری وہ مسکراہٹ
بھلا واپس ملے گی؟؟
ثمینہ خان

بنکاک کی وہ شام

<p>بلبل کی چھک مرضی صیاد رہے گی بنکاک کی وہ شام سدا یاد رہے گی</p> <p>اس شام کے انجام کا ہم تم کو پتہ تھا پل بھر کی ملاقات تھی پھر رستہ جدا تھا p اور گردش دوران کا بھنور سر پہ کھڑا تھا سامان سفر دیر کا موٹر مین پڑا تھا</p> <p>کب تک یہ کسک اے دل نا شاد رہے گی ؟ بنکاک کی وہ شام سدا یاد رہے گی</p> <p>جو دل مین چھپی بات تھی نظروں نے وہ کہ لی ایک درد کی سوغات تھی ہم دونوں نے سہ لی یہ سوچ کہ ناسازی طبیعت ذرا بھلی دکہ ایک سے ہوتے ہین کراچی ہو کہ دھلی</p> <p>ادم کی خطا بر سر اولاد رہے گی بنکاک کی وہ شام سدا یاد رہے گی</p> <p>تم نے مجھے جاتے ہوئے پرنام کیا تھا اتے ہوئے اشکون کو تھمل سے پیا تھا مین نے بھی تبسم سے نمسکار کیا تھا اور جاتے ہوئے ہاتہ کو نرمی سے چھوا تھا</p> <p>دنیا مین روان "میر" کی روداد رہے گی بنکاک کی وہ شام سدا یاد رہے گی</p>	<p>ھوٹل کے چمن زار سے دریا کا نظارہ تکمیل رفاقت کے لیے ساتھ تمہا را جزبات پہ وہ ڈوبتے سورج کا اشارہ کچہ دیر زرا تھم سا گیا وقت کا دھارا</p> <p>ہم سمجھے تھے محفل یونہی اباد رہے گی بنکاک کی وہ شام سدا یاد رہے گی</p> <p>حالات کی زنجیر کا مجہ کو بھی گلہ تھا اور جبر مسلسل تمہین قسمت سے ملا تھا ناکام سی ہستی میری الفت کا صلہ تھا کب پھول تمنا کوئی گلشن مین کھلا تھا ؟</p> <p>دنیا ے محبت یونہی برباد رہے گی بنکاک کی وہ شام سرا یاد رہے گی</p> <p>تم مجہ کو لگاوٹ سے ذرا دیکہ رہی تھین نظروں سے تکلم کی ادا دیکہ رہی تھین جزبات پہ قا بو کی سزا دیکہ رہی تھین معلوم نہین اور بھی کیا دیکہ رہی تھین ؟</p> <p>اب میرے تبسم مین بھی فریاد رہے گی بنکاک کی وہ شام سدا یاد رہے گی</p> <p>مین حسن کے پردے مین الم دیکہ رہا تھا انکھوں مین مقدر کے ستم دیکہ رہا تھا بیتے ہوئے خوابوں کی ارم دیکہ رہا تھا محتاط سی ایک نظر کرم ریکہ رہا تھا ا</p>
--	--

بے قصور پاکستانی شہیدوں کے نام

یہ میرے دیس کا چھوٹا سا ٹکڑا ہے
اسے بازار کہتے تھے اور اب مقتل بھی کہتے ہیں
یہاں پر میں دھوئیں اور خون اور جسموں کے ٹکڑوں میں گھرا تم سے مخاطب ہوں
چلو آؤ تمہیں کچھ عام سے منظر دکھائوں

یہ اعضا جو یہاں بکھرے ہوئے ہیں ایک بچے کے ہیں جو ماں باپ کی آنکھوں کا تار تھا
اب اس کے ہاتھ کی ٹافی اسی کے خون سے بھیگی ہوئی ہے

یہ آنکھیں ماں کی آنکھیں ہیں اور اب ان کا مقدر روز اپنے لال کے دیدار کی حسرت میں مرنا ہے

یہ چہرہ باپ کا ہے اور اس میں جو بڑھاپے کے نشاں اب دیکھتے ہو
یہ بس کچھ ثانیوں میں گود کے پالے کی سانسیں ٹوٹنے کے دکھ سے ابھرے ہیں

یہ آنچل اک بہن کا ہے
وہ بھائی جس نے یہ رنگین آنچل سر پہ رکھا تھا
وہ اس کے واسطے لٹھے کی اک بے رنگ چادر ڈھونڈتا ہے

یہ اک چھوٹا سا مقتل ہے
اسی بازار کے مقتل سے یہ اک سر ملا ہے
یہ سر ایسے درندے کا ہے جس نے لفظوں کے تاجر کسی اہل بوس کے ہاتھ اپنی روح کا سودا کیا تھا
جہالت اور جنوں کو مذہبی گمراہ کن تائید مل جائے تو ایسے سانحوں کو روپ ملتا ہے

یہ اک چھوٹا سا مقتل ہے
تمہیں اب کیا بتائوں میری ارض پاک ہی ساری کی ساری ایک مقتل بن گئی ہے
اور اس دھرتی میں جتنے نرم خصلت لوگ جو باقی بچے ہیں وہ سبھی یاں یرغمالی ہیں
یہاں کچھ مٹھی بھر وحشی درندہ خصلت و بے علم میری قوم کی تذلیل کرتے ہیں
مگر میں نے بھی دل میں ٹھان لی ہے
کہ میں مقتل میں رہ کر اپنی باری آنے تک سب قاتلوں سے بھی لڑوں گا
اور ان سے بھی جو اپنی خامشی سے بزدلی یا کم نگاہی کی بنا پر قاتلوں کا ساتھ دیتے ہیں

میں لڑنا چاہتا ہوں اور دنیا کو بتانا چاہتا ہوں
یہ میری قوم ہے مجمع نہیں ہے
یہ ارض پاک ہے جنگل نہیں ہے
یہ میرا دل ہے جس سے اپنی مٹی کے لیے چاہت مٹانا دشمنوں کے واسطے ممکن نہیں ہے
میں اپنے لوگوں سے اک بات کہنا چاہتا ہوں
اگر قاتل اور ان کا ساتھ دینے والے سب جھگڑے بھلا کر ایک ایجنڈے پہ یکجا ہیں
تو ہم کب تک اکیلے مارے جانے کو اکھٹے لڑنے پر ترجیح دیں گے ؟

مرے معبود میرا تجھ سے وعدہ ہے کہ میں سارے دکھوں کو بھول جائوں گا
اگر اک بار مجھ کو چشمِ مظلوماں میں خوابِ مشترک کی ایک جھلکی بھی دکھا دے
زبانوں اور عقیدوں کے تفاوت میں بٹے مجمع کو
مری مٹی کی خوشبو سے قریب آنے کی اور اک قوم، اک تہذیب میں ڈھلنے کی باریکی سکھادے
سید رضی محمد

POETRY BY DOWITES

SYED KHALID ANWAR

Nobody Owns Water

Nobody owns water
Drink some and try
To keep it

Nobody owns air
Breathe some and try
To keep it

Nobody owns Sun
Absorb the ray and try
To keep it

Nobody owns Moon
Bask in the moonlight and try
To keep it

Nobody knows when they
would fall in love
Listen to the heart beat and try
To keep it

SYED SHAFQUAT MAHMOOD

چھوڑ کر چل دیئے مرے راجی

راستہ جب بھی پڑھ کر آیا

عشق میں لازمی ٹکرا تھا

گو کہ لازم میرے سر آیا

دل کے دھنوں پر ہم گئیں آنکھیں

کب کے یاد پھر جگر آیا

دور تھا اس کی سوچ سے شفقت

الفاظ ہی پاس گر آیا

شفقت محمود

۱۹ اکتوبر ۲۰۱۰ء

طرحی غزل

یادِ جونِ دل

میرے دھنوں کے دھنوں سے مل گیا

پہلے پہلے تو اٹک کر آیا

خون آنکھوں میں پھر آ گیا

جب تک میرا چارہ گر آیا

تب تک دھنوں میں ابر آیا

کیا دعا میں مری 'مڑ' آیا

میں نہ تھا ادب وہ میرے گھر آیا

یہ جنوں کا مقام ہے کیا

'ہر طرف سے میں بے خبر آیا

دھنوں کا پھر رہا تھا دنیا میں

پھر مرے دل میں وہ نظر آیا

مچا ہے غلغلہ "اشرافیہ" کے محلوں میں
لگی ہیں ملک میں آخر عدالتیں کیسی

بہت عجیب وہ باتیں، عجیب ہی لہجہ
ہمیں سناتا تھا شفقت حکایتیں کیسی

ڈاکٹر شفقت محمود

FROM THE PROPHETIC WISDOM

وَاهْدِنِي لِحَسَنِ الْاَخْلَاقِ
لَا يَهْدِي لِاحْسَنِهَا اِلَّا اَنْتَ وَاصْرِفْ عَنِّي سَيِّئَهَا
لَا يَصْرِفْ عَنِّي سَيِّئَهَا اِلَّا اَنْتَ (مسلم)
”میری سب سے اچھے اخلاق کی طرف رہنمائی فرما۔“

تیرے سوا اچھے اخلاق کی راہ کوئی نہیں دکھا سکتا اور برے اخلاق کو مجھ سے دور کر دے
انہیں تیرے سوا مجھ سے کوئی اور دور نہیں کر سکتا۔“

"Guide me to the best character
for no one can guide to best (character) except you,
and turn away bad conduct from me
for no one can turn it away from me except you".

رسول پاک صلی اللہ علیہ والہ وسلم نے فرمایا
تم بدگمانی سے بچو اس لئے کہ بدگمانی سب سے زیادہ
جھوٹی بات ہے اور نہ کسی کے پیوں کو تلاش کرو اور نہ
تجسس کرو اور نہ ایک دوسرے سے حسد کرو اور نہ غیبت
کرو اور نہ بغض رکھو اور اللہ کے بندے بھائی بھائی بن کر
رہو اور کسی مسلمان کے لئے جائز نہیں کہ اپنے بھائی سے
تین دن سے زیادہ ناراض رہے

(صحیح بخاری)

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حدیثِ پاک

رسول اللہ ﷺ نے فرمایا: جو کسی مسلمان کو ایسی جگہ ذلیل کرے گا
جہاں اس کی عزت کی جاتی ہے تو اللہ اُسے ایسی جگہ ذلیل کرے گا
جہاں اُسے اللہ کی مدد کی ضرورت ہوگی۔

ابوداؤد، جلد نمبر ۳، حدیث نمبر ۱۳۵۴

خوش نصیب امت

ایک صحابی نے حضور محمد ﷺ سے عرض کی کہ یا رسول اللہ ﷺ
ہم نے آپ کو دیکھا، آپ سے بات کی، آپ کیساتھ کھانا کھایا۔ کیا ہم
سے بھی کوئی زیادہ خوش نصیب ہے اس دنیا میں۔؟
آپ محمد ﷺ نے فرمایا کہ تم نے مجھے دیکھا اور سنا تو ایمان لائے۔
آنے والی امت جو مجھ کو دیکھے اور سنے بغیر مجھ پر ایمان لا لگی وہ
تم سے زیادہ خوش نصیب ہوگی۔

تیسرے کریم

SYED RIZWANUL HAQUE IN KARACHI



8th December 2013 At Shaheen Iqbal Malik House — with Intikhab Taufiq, Hanif Khatri, Syed Salik, Shaheen Mallick, Abdaal Waseem and Aman Khan.



NADEEM ZAFAR IN TURKEY AND PAKISTAN



WHEREVER HE MAY BE HE NEVER FORGETS HOME!

A MINI-REUNION IN KARACHI

PHOTOS FROM THE HI TEA ON DECEMBER 29, 2013
COURTESY SAM KHAN AND FAYYAZ AHMED SHAIKH



MORE PHOTOS OF THE STARS OF D85



AND YET MORE PHOTOS

